

The Musical World.

SUBSCRIPTION:—Stamped, 20s. per annum—Unstamped, 18s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

VOL. 32.—No. 6.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1854.

{ PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

NOTICE.

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MENDELSSOHN'S "ŒDIPUS IN COLONOS."

(Continued from page 67.)

THESEUS receives the exiled Theban with hospitable courtesy; hears of the prediction respecting the death of Œdipus and of the contention between his sons; accepts the proffered dowry of the aches of his guest, as a propitiation of fortune for his state; and promises the protection of his sovereign power to the wanderers, to whom he accords his kingly welcome.

III.

We now come to the first of the Odes, in which, not declamatory expression only, but continuously melodic musical beauty excites our interest.

The subservient Chorus, assured by their king's proffered aid and his cordial reception of Œdipus, now welcome with as much warmth as they have before slighted him, indeed repulsed him with coldness, and they sing the glories and the beauties of the land to which they bid him welcome. Such is the subject of this Ode, and in the broad, clear, melodious, simple, energetic, and nervous character of the music, this subject, the pride of patriotism, the praise of native land, is nobly embodied.

The symphony for wind instruments, accompanying Theseus' entrance, appended to the last piece of music, is repeated for his departure, and forms an essential feature of the present piece, being not merely prefixed to it as it was appended to the last, but incorporated in its form and essentially in its substance. The last four bars are particularly to be noticed as recurring in another key, in the vocal parts, when the words to which they are set define the feeling they must here be purposed to illustrate.

The first Strophe consists of a long unbroken melody, accompanied with great simplicity, but with such pertinent application of the few unordinary harmonies that are employed, as to educe from them the utmost possible effect. It opens thus:—

and the peculiar rhythm, of which these two phrases are sufficient indication, may well be supposed to endow it with such individuality as will surely distinguish it in the memory. Peculiarity, or, to speak better, versatility, and, consequently, ceaseless variety of rhythm is an eminent characteristic of Mozart, whose constant novelty of metre is constant success: no one has more frequently

departed from the hackneyed conventionalisms of four-bar phraseology, and no one has produced so many universally appreciable and ever-popular melodies—nay, take the epithet of the most unsophisticated terminology, tunes. Hence we find that it is not needful to refer to the most limited perceptivity to certify a general impression, and a little further penetration will satisfy us that when a melody is, by rhythmical or some other peculiarity, excepted from our daily anticipations, indeed from the class of common-place, it is certain to fix itself the more rootedly, if not the more rapidly, upon our recollection, for this exceptionality. I mean not, by citing the composer of *Don Juan* as an instance, to urge that Mendelssohn has followed Mozart as a model, though any, the greatest, even Mendelssohn, might without derogation acknowledge his example; but, I mean, that Mozart, in whose music everything that is admirable is to be found, has this excellence, namely, of originality of rhythm, in common with the composer of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and such coincidence of practice may justify the said originality in the later musician, to those measurers of merit whom time has taught to reverence even what they cannot understand in the characteristics of Mozart, but who assume the right of contemporaneity, which implies fellowship, to criticise what they cannot judge (excuse my employment of the former term in its conventional, and certainly unauthentic signification) in the music of Mendelssohn.

The melody thus commenced, goes on and on and on with a fluency that is most admirable. I have just been deprecating the system of fault-finding, or, rather, fault-seeking, miscalled criticism, by which the minnows in the streams of art attempt to approach the Leviathan, and thus establish a like fellowship in space, with that in time, which is, of a truth, their only community with him. What then will you say to me—the words, the most sincere words, still wet upon the paper—for entering, grammar-wise, straightway into the discussion of a passage that I think objectionable? Think what you will: this is my principle; blind reverence is a miserable beggar, whose dog with a string in dote, whose aims are the superfluities of good or evil, which indifferent, perhaps mocking strangers may cast into his cap; observant enthusiasm is an independent gentleman, whose stead is freshness, and whose gatherings are the best of everything which all yield to him in tribute; honest himself, he exacts honesty from others, and penetrating, as though his eyes were microscopes, one cannot mix one husk of chaff with his grain, and escape his instant detection. To do justice to a beauty, one must feel that it is a beauty, and to feel that it is a beauty one must have the quickest sense of whatever roughens the exquisite surface of perfection. I have before apologised respectively to the Editor, and the readers of the *Musical World*, for taking up their valuable space and time in animadversion upon technicalities. As before, I have now one single note to except from my else unqualified admiration of this Chorus; here it is—

The B natural in the second chord, is, to my feeling, unavailable for this harmony, in the key of D minor; and, besides the irrelative effect of its introduction in the first bar, its more appropriate employment in the third bar, where it belongs to the dominant harmony of the key of C, is anticipated by that introduction, and thus robbed both of its brightness and its clearness, since the ear is now uncertain whether to expect the satisfactory modulation that ensues, or a repetition of the previous progression, of which the tonality is obscure and indefinite. Having vindicated my right to admire, by acknowledging my incapability of pleasure from the one passage that is worse than neutral to my sense, I may proceed, in good faith with myself and with the reader, to the expressions of praise, which will only be limited by the limits of language and the limits of my—but I will not pretend to a modesty that the fact of my writing too distinctly disproves.

The Antistrophe consists of a repetition of the music of the Strophe, with the addition of a moving figure of accompaniment, which is alternated between the wind and string instruments. Whether this figure was suggested by the Coloniate's description of the nightingales, whose song fills the air of their most favoured country, and being thus suggested reflects the suggestion from the composer to his hearers; or, whether it be one of those strokes of unpremeditated art which surpass the chemistry of criticism, and—pure carbon of the imagination, like the diamond—resist ultimate analysis, seeming to be beautiful only because they are beautiful, matters little: the idea is exquisite, and delighted admiration owes one of the moment-lives of her manifold existence to its quickening influence.

The Second Strophe extols the olive, indigenous to the Athenian territory, and counting its luxuriant beauties among the richest treasures afforded by the fertile soil, honours Jove and Minerva, from whom the capital is named, as its ever-watching protectors. We have here a change of movement to which the continual motion in triplets of the violins gives much animation, but the marked accent of the musical phrase still more.

Here too bloometh a tree, crown'd with a fruit, found not in


Notice the particularly bright effect of the E flat in the upper melody of the third bar; again, the delicious phrase for the violoncello, viola, and bassoon in unison, that successfully contends with the continuation of this melody for prominence, surpassing it, as it does, in interest, and thus taking, can one say, an unfair advantage of its rival, rather than opponent, to force its way to our attention through the channels of our heart. But what need to praise that which all must admire?—what need to

describe that which all must feel? Bar by bar new and still greater beauties are unfolded, and the olive, whose branch betokens peace, and whose fruit embodies plenty, seems to fill with its luscious oil the artist's thought, which thus overflows with its genial richness. The opening phrase of the first movement is now introduced with admirable brightness of effect, and with true poetical purpose. It is not a sensuous delight in the grace of the tree and the sweetness of its fruit that is here expressed, but a national glory in the bounty of nature, of which this valued plant is a most liberal manifestation; and thus, in singing its praises, a recurrence to the musical idea which opens the present Ode is charmingly appropriate. Concentrating the enthusiasm which has been gradually kindling into the blaze of one expression, "guarded and watched by Minerva!" the utmost force is given to these words by their being set to the marked phrase comprised in the last four bars of the opening symphony (the music for the entrance and the retirement of Theseus), which, occurring now in the key of B flat, lies most admirably for the voices, and brings out their utmost resonance.

The Antistrophe passes to a grander theme, the praise of Neptune, whose waves submit to the glorious burthen of the Athenian barks. The music of the relative Strophe is recapitulated, but with great modification, resulting from the immediate return to the key of F in the passage for tenor instruments before cited, which induces the transposition or greater alteration of all that ensues.

The *coda* is especially exciting. The separate choirs, which have been hitherto for the most part divided, singing respectively Strophe and Antistrophe, are now brought together in rapid responses upon the opening phrase of the Ode. The vigorous animation of this antiphonal distribution of the parts is just such an effect as only could crown the climax, which, carrying our interest upwards with its ascent, here reaches its summit. Now we have a passage formed upon harmonies (the first inversion of the chord of the major ninth of the supertonic, for instance) his frequent use of which leads us to associate particularly with the thought of Mendelssohn, though they are to be found, not unfrequently, in the music of Handel, and even in the less imaginative if not less inspired writing of Bach. The fortissimo of the whole orchestra, ceasing suddenly, leaves the voices and the soft wind instruments upon a second inversion of the harmony of the tonic; and the voices, all in unison, conclude with this singularly beautiful cadence :



in which every note of the vocal melody and the accompanying melody has its excellence, but, exceeding the excellence of all the rest, is the most exquisite point of the entry of the bases upon the A, which has a depth, a softness of effect, equal to the veneration it expresses.

The original tempo is resumed in the concluding symphony, which is a recurrence of a part of the often-mentioned introductory symphony, and of a very lovely instrumental passage which has intervened between the several vocal divisions of the composition; and we are thus brought round, as in a circle, to the expression of love and peace with which the ode opens, and which, however coloured by the glowing hues of the enthusiasm its utterance excites, is the prevailing and characteristic sentiment of the entire composition.

G. A. MACFARREN.

[To be continued.]

THE LIFE OF MOZART.

(From the original of Alexander Oulibicheff.*)

CHAPTER V.

(Continued from page 69.)
1769-1771.

The approach of Passion Week called our travellers to Rome, where they arrived on the 11th April, 1770. I have already mentioned how much stress the Holy See laid upon the fact of retaining exclusive possession of the works annually produced in Passion Week, and published only at a recent period under the title—"Musica sacra, quae cantatur quot annis per hebdomadam sanctam, Romæ in sacello pontificio."† For a long time, there is reason to believe, the singers were prohibited, under a threat of excommunication, from copying these works, taking their parts away with them, or shewing them to any one. In spite of this prohibition, however, our hero succeeded in obtaining a copy of one of the most celebrated of these compositions, the *Miserere*, by Allegri. And how did he effect this? By means which any one else was at liberty to employ if he could. He wrote it down from memory, after hearing it only once, on Maunday Thursday, the day of his arrival. The work being repeated on Good Friday, Mozart took his manuscript with him in his hat, under cover of which he supplied whatever he had previously omitted, in order to render his copy as correct as possible, and when, many years subsequently, it was compared with the original, which Burney obtained from Santarelli, there was not, according to the English historian, a single note wanting.

Although this anecdote has been very long and very generally known, it struck me as so little worthy of credit, that, I frankly own, I looked upon it merely as a hyperbolical flourish in Mozart's biography, knowing how eager people are to exaggerate things which already have a touch of the wonderful. Herr von Nissen's work, however, convinced me, since the fact is there mentioned in a letter from Leopold Mozart to his wife. Nevertheless, I did not give up my opinion easily, but, had I continued to doubt, I must have admitted one of two things: either that Leopold Mozart invented a vapid story simply to amuse himself and mystify his wife, thereby incurring the risk of passing for a barefaced charlatan, in case his letter were shown to others, and he not in a position to establish its truth; or that Herr von Nissen, the compiler of the correspondence, was an impostor. Neither of these suppositions is admissible, firstly, because they would convey an insult to the memory of two honourable men, and, secondly, because it is impossible to adduce any proofs in support of them. We must, also, not forget that the circumstance was generally admitted before the publication of the correspondence. When, therefore, the best authenticated traditions agree, in this manner, with documents, from their nature beyond suspicion—I mean family letters never intended to be printed, and whose genuineness is altogether unassailable—historical truth must result from connecting such a chain of evidence, or where are we to look for it? The passage concerning the story of the *Miserere*, in Leopold Mozart's letter, is to the following effect. After first speaking of the insurmountable obstacles which stand in the way of any one wishing to obtain leave to take copies of the works in question, he says: "In spite

of all this, we have already got Allegri's *Miserere*. Wolfgang wrote it down, and we should have sent it with this letter to Salzburg, had not our presence there been necessary for its performance. I think that with works of this description the style of execution has more to do with success than the merits of the music. Besides, we do not wish this secret of ours to become known to any but yourselves, *ut non incursumus mediate vel immediate in censuram ecclesie.*"* The extraordinary reserve evident in the communication of Leopold Mozart shows him not only a prudent diplomatist but a true Catholic, who so far speaks out in his letters as to express surprise on several occasions at the number of worthy people he found among the Lutherans, not forgetting, however, to urge his wife, and even others, to have masses said for their souls in some church or other which he names.

But it appears that the son's imprudence soon rendered all the father's caution of no avail. The miraculous theft was bruited about Rome, and people endeavoured to get at the truth of the matter, which the offender himself placed beyond all doubt, by playing the *Miserere* note for note to Christofori, who had sung it a few days previously in St. Peter's. Christofori was perfectly bewildered, a fact which the reader will find very natural, if he only remembers that Allegri's music, written in the old church style, presents difficulties of a very different description from those of a mere operatic composition, and how few are there capable of taking even the latter down from ear! I here give the first verse of the *Miserere*, with the notes, which will render the matter clearer than words would do:



* This translation, which has been made expressly for the *Musical World*, is copyright.

† The sacred music sung annually during Passion Week in the pontifical chapel at Rome.

* That we may not, either directly or indirectly, incur the censure of the church.



I believe I am not saying too much when I assert, that, were we to deny Mozart all merit, both as *virtuoso* and composer, and only allow him that of having written down from ear, without a fault, the *Miserere*, we should still be compelled to recognise him as a musical genius of the highest order.

From Rome, Wolfgang proceeded with his father to Naples. The only fact worthy of notice during his stay is his visit to the Conservatory *della Pietà*. His pianoforte playing, which he had brought to a state of perfection until then unknown in Italy, gave rise to all sorts of conjectures among the pupils. At last, they imagined they had discovered the secret of his great skill, namely, a ring that he wore on one of the fingers of his left hand. They gave their visitor to understand that he could deceive them no longer, since they felt assured it was the magic ring which enabled him to overcome all difficulties. Upon this, Mozart took off the talisman and went on playing without it. The admiration of those who were formerly incredulous now knew no bounds.

During the whole period of his travels, Wolfgang wrote regularly to his sister. His letters are, for the most part, so strange, that, if they had another signature, we should only look upon them as the effusions of a mind far under that of any ordinary child of fourteen years of age, who had received the slightest education. They contain a mixture of phrases written in German, Italian, French, and the Salzburg provincial dialect, without connection, and, very frequently, without meaning. To give my readers an idea of this epistolary style, I will lay before them the conclusion of a letter dated from Naples, and written in a more connected manner than usual. It is as follows:

"Write to me and do not be so lazy. *Altrimenti avrete qualche bastonate di me. Quel plaisir! je te casserai la tête.* . . . *Mäddi las da saga, wo bist dan gvesa he?** The opera here is by Jomelli; it is fine, but too learned and too old-fashioned for the stage. The singing of De Amicis is incomparable, as is also that of Aprile, who has sung at Milan. The dances are miserably pompous. The theatre is beautiful. The King has been brought up in the coarse Neapolitan manner, and always stands on a stool during the opera, in order to appear a little taller than the Queen. The Queen is handsome and polite, for she has saluted me at least six times upon the Molo."

It is very evident that, when engaged in this kind of writing, Mozart was thinking of anything but what he wrote. The occupation was to his mind, in all but music, still that of a child, what running and jumping are to the physical faculties of other boys of his age. It would have been a most

troublesome task for him, in writing to his sister, to communicate his feelings or relate a fact seriously. His sole object in addressing her was amusement. Half Italian by disposition, he was uncommonly merry and lively, and felt himself irresistibly attracted by anything like a joke. His overflowing spirits would force a passage for themselves in some manner or other, and, as the staid demeanour of his father and the numerous artists with whom he came in contact, in the presence of personages of distinction, afforded him no opportunity of indulging his mirth, he profited by his correspondence with Nannerl to let it have full vent. All his fun, antics, burlesque phrases, and absurdities prove that his thoughts were, in fact, running in quite a different direction, and that, had he been able to do so, he would have been running about in the woods and green fields. The poor child diverted himself in his imagination! At no period of his life, however, was Mozart fond of letter-writing. But, when subsequently compelled to communicate to his father matters of great interest to both, he gave proofs, although quite unwittingly, that he could put his thoughts upon paper, if not with elegance, at least with clearness, sometimes with a peculiar impressiveness, and almost always with originality. If, however, the question was a purely musical one, then, in truth, he was no longer the same person! On reaching the epoch to which we refer, our readers will not fail to observe in Mozart's letters, despite his usual negligence of style, a musical thinker and a critic of the first rank.

Passing through Rome on his return, Wolfgang received the Papal Order of the Spur, with which Gluck had also been invested some years before. Unlike the composer of *Orpheus*, however, Mozart never afterwards wore it nor made any use of his title of Chevalier.

The cities of Italy vied with each other in marks of respect to the young composer. The Philharmonic Academy of Bologna, which, as I have already stated, had unanimously elected him a member, now appointed him to the post of *capellmeister*.

About the end of October, our travellers returned to Milan, where Mozart was destined to begin his ever memorable dramatic career with the serious opera of *Mithridate Re di Ponto*. As long as the triumphs of the *Cavaliere filarmonico*—as the Italians called him—had been confined to the interior of the academies and concert-rooms, our composer, improviser, and learned contrapuntist, appears to have awakened no sentiments among the Italians but those of the most glowing enthusiasm and warmest good-will. Envy slumbered, or, at least, never ventured to give signs of existence. It awoke, however, now that a foreigner, hardly fourteen years old, put forth pretensions to stage triumphs, which, appealing to all classes of society, were, perhaps, the only ones earnestly sought after in Italy. First, a cry was raised that it was shameful and absurd to think of entrusting the *libretto* of an Italian opera to a beardless composer, who was, moreover, a German. It was silly, they said, to expect from a child the knowledge of *chiar' oscuro* requisite for the stage. An officious friend expressed to Signora Bernasconi, the *prima donna*, his apprehensions about the result of the performance, which might compromise her reputation as a singer. We know that the *prima donna* in Italy is a tyrannical power from which the *maestro* has all to hope so long as he obeys, and all to dread if he prove rebellious. This friend, in his great zeal, had brought with him a whole bundle of new airs, which he begged the Signora, for Heaven's sake and her own, to sing instead of those composed by the boy. Fortunately, however, it is a very difficult task to de-

* This sentence is written in the Salzburg dialect. It may be thus translated: Maiden, let me ask you, where have you been, eh?

ceive women with regard to matters in which their self-love is concerned. Signora Bernasconi had already seen the airs destined for her by Mozart, and felt satisfied that her sovereign will had never been better understood and accomplished. The *maestro* had written a part so important, so brilliant, and so perfectly suited to the lady's peculiar powers, that he was freely pardoned for not quite forgetting melody and instrumentation. Mozart was accustomed, at that period, to fit his airs as exactly to the capabilities of singers as a good tailor his clothes to his customers, to adopt Mozart's own words. The intrigue failed completely with the *prima donna*, and was not more successful with the principal male singer, Santorini, who, also, was thoroughly contented with his part, and confident of public approbation. Several other happy omens helped to tranquillize the elder Mozart, while the son appears never to have known anything of the fever which usually rages in the bosom of a composer, the day previous to a first representation. The face of the copyist beamed with pleasure, which was held a good sign, since people of this calling possess a marvellous gift of calculating beforehand the perquisites which a new opera is likely to bring in. If we can believe Leopold Mozart, the copies and secret sale of the pieces which made a *furore*, realised for the copyist a far greater sum than that received by the composer. At the first band rehearsal, the *maestro's* approaching triumph might have been read in the long faces of those who had so alarmed Leopold Mozart with their malicious prophecies. The singers and members of the orchestra declared unanimously that the music was clear, intelligible, and *easy to play*. The last was a great point for the performers in an Italian theatre at that period. The success of the opera was complete. Almost all the different pieces were tumultuously applauded, and several encored, both which facts were exceptions to the usual custom of the theatre at Milan, where it was the received custom to listen to the music of a new opera in silence. The cry of "Evviva il maestro! Evviva il maestrino!" (Long live the composer! Long live the little composer!) resounded continually through the house, and, on the subsequent evenings, the opera took its course *alle stelle* (to the stars), as the Italians express it.

The *Gazetta di Milano*, of the 2nd January, 1771, in speaking of *Mithridate*, gives us an interesting specimen of the manner in which musical criticisms were then written:—

"Last Wednesday, the *Teatro Ducale* opened with the production of a drama, entitled *Mithridates, King of Pontus*, which was received with general applause, as well on account of the tasteful scenery as of the excellence of the music and the skill of the performers. Several of the airs sung by Signora Bernasconi express passion in a lively manner, and move the hearts of the spectators. The young *Capellmeister*, who is not yet fifteen years of age, studies the beautiful in nature, and expresses it with a rare grace."

In spite of the expression, "studies the beautiful in nature," my readers must not imagine that *Mithridate* is a masterpiece, in the present acceptation of the word. This is out of the question, and the unanimous praise of the singers and musicians, the rapid and general success of the opera, and the article in the Milan paper, prove most clearly that our hero yoked his Pegasus to a cart, and followed the deep ruts through which so many of his predecessors had already driven. *Mithridate* has absolutely nothing in common with Mozart's classical works. It is neither more nor less than an Italian opera on the old pattern; one of those which do not live, leave no impression behind them, and

have no claim to do either; one of those, in short, which owe their production to the fortuitous association of a *prima donna*, with a first male singer; and their whole success to the individual powers of these important personages, for, and by means of, whom, exclusively, they are allowed to exist, only to perish so soon as the singers in question retire to make room for other works composed for other artists. Gluck was the first who adapted the character of his music to the spirit of his poem, and sought the elements of success in the proper illustration of the poet's meaning, thus placing the singers in their true position. He was the master; they, the servants. From his time, lyrical dramas ceased to be of necessity ephemeral. Under the pens of men of genius, they acquired an intrinsic value which invested them with an element of permanency they never before enjoyed. The copyists no longer enriched themselves by the sale of particular pieces. The entire operas were in demand, and published in consequence.

However incomplete and undramatic the system then adopted by the Italians in the composition of an *opera seria* may now appear, when the hero sang *soprano*, and, with the exception of the airs allotted to the principal characters, the music, to which no one listened, was nothing better than a stopgap, great success was only to be obtained by some really striking beauties. That of *Mithridate* was due to several melodies, full of spirit and charm, while the whole work rose far above the mass of tragic operas such as were then composed in Italy. This, at least, is the opinion of all those critics, who, more fortunate than myself, have succeeded in obtaining a score of *Mithridate*. If their decision is based upon truth, a fact which I do not doubt, we are authorized in coming to the conclusion, that, previous to his fourteenth year, or, in other words, from his very first appearance in his new character, Mozart assumed a position equal to that attained by the cleverest musicians in the branch of art to which the majority of composers devoted themselves in the most musical country of the world.

The management of the theatre at Milan could not give the young *maestro* a better proof of their satisfaction than by commissioning him to write a second opera for the Carnival of 1773. Mozart had only to choose, for the managers of the principal theatres in Italy made him the most advantageous offers. He decided, however, in favour of the public he already knew, and by which he had been so favourably received.

Before our travellers left Milan, they met with a musical curiosity, which Leopold Mozart describes in one of his letters. Two beggars, a man and a woman, were singing in the street. The Mozarts, who heard them from a certain distance, at first thought that each was singing a different air. On approaching, however, they found, to their great surprise, that the two were singing a duet all in fifths. Thus were the traditions of the eleventh century still preserved in the streets of Milan.

From Milan, our travellers proceeded to Venice, where they passed a month in one continuous round of festivities, loaded with presents and receiving every day new marks of flattery and respect. The nobility came for them to their lodgings, and took them home in their own gondolas. Among the families that distinguished themselves in this way are to be found some of the most celebrated names of the Venetian aristocracy, such as the Cornaro, Grimani, Moncenigo, Dolfini, Baliero, etc.

After an absence of fifteen months, Mozart returned, for a short period, to his native town, taking back with him a

store of fresh knowledge and a reputation which the homage of a people, considered as the most skilled in art of all European nations, had increased, and almost established beyond further controversy.

(To be continued.)

DRAMATIC.

HAYMARKET.—"Ballad-Opera" some twenty or thirty years ago constituted one of the principal attractions at Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres. In the same performance might be seen Macready, Braham, Sinclair, Miss Stephens, Miss Foote, Liston, Emery, etc. Great pains were expended upon the scenery and appointments, and a numerous orchestra and chorus were provided. Accordingly, we find that such ballad-operas as *Rob Roy*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Slave*, etc., became stock-pieces, and held possession of the stage for many years. No small part of the attraction of these melodramas was derived from the music of Bishop, then in the zenith of his fame, whose glees, songs, and concerted pieces enjoyed universal esteem. But Bishop was not satisfied with writing occasional music to plays. He composed operas, and attempted to improve the scores of Mozart and Rossini, which did not add to his reputation, nor advance the interests of the art. Indirectly, however, he effected much good. The introduction of the works of the above-named composers helped to originate a taste for better music, and to weaken the influence of ballad-opera. Others, as well as Bishop, aided in bringing this about. Mr. Ropino Lacy adapted Rossini's *Cenerentola* for the English stage, with alterations, innovations, and interpolations, which, in his mistaken appreciation, were improvements. Although this was not the case, the music of the English *Cinderella* was too good not to please, and the opera had a long and successful run. Subsequently, the same gentleman fitted music from several operas of Rossini to a drama founded on Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, under the name of *The Maid of Judah*, which even surpassed *Cinderella* in attraction. The next advance made in operatic music was the translation, in their integrity, of works of the Italian and German composers. *Der Freischütz*, we believe, was the first opera, of a continental master, which was given (still with an interpolation or two) according to the original score of the composer. Its success was unparalleled. *Oberon* soon after was written expressly for Covent Garden, and a new impulse given to operatic music in this country. We pass over the disgraceful attempts made occasionally at Drury Lane and Covent Garden to alter the scores of Rossini and Auber, for the purpose of placing a tragic actor in the principal singer's part. *Gustavus the Third* had to be "arranged" in order that Mr. Warde might exhibit his histrionic powers in the King; and the music of Rossini's grandest work was used as a series of flourishes to show off Macready as the hero of Sheridan Knowles' *William Tell*. Mr. Bunn gave the last direct blow to the old ballad-opera. He engaged native composers to write original works for Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and produced, for the first time on the English stage, foreign operas as the composers wrote them. From that time may be dated the downfall of a class of amusements which delighted our predecessors, but which the progress of music has now almost entirely banished from our principal theatres.

Whatever objection we may have in general to the old ballad-opera, whose decadence we have briefly recorded above, we have not a word to offer against the revival of *Guy Mannering* at the Haymarket on Monday night; more especially since Mr. Buckstone did not attempt to make the music the principal feature, but relied rather on his acting company for the realization of the characters and incidents taken from Scott's wonderful story. Miss Cushman's Meg Merrilles alone would have warranted the reproduction. Mr. Buckstone, however, did not depend entirely upon Miss Cushman. He put forth his whole strength, and achieved a decided success. The cast of *Guy Mannering* was excellent in almost every point. Mr. Compton was Dominie Sampson; Mr. Rogers, Dandie Dimont; Mr. Howe, Dirk Hatterick; Mr. W. Farren, Colonel Mannering; Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, Julia Mannering; Miss Julia Harland, Lucy Bertram; Miss Ellen Chaplin, Flora; and Mrs. Stanley,

Mrs. McCandlish. Mr. H. Corri was the principal gipsy, and Mr. and Mrs. Caulfield strengthened the chorus of gipsies. Of the above, we may award unqualified praise to Mr. Compton and Mr. Rogers. Mr. Compton did not indeed produce so much laughter in Dominie Sampson as Liston, the original; but we question if Liston played the part with so much truthfulness, and simplicity. Mr. Compton was really pathetic in the scene where Lucy Bertram desires to part from the Dominie, and the profound attention of the audience was his best applause.

Mr. Rogers, who is rather diminutive for the athletic Liddesdale farmer, nevertheless sustained the character of Dandie Dimont with a thorough appreciation of the author's intention. This gentleman is always artistic; he understands his business perfectly, and is one of Mr. Buckstone's most sterling actors.

Mr. Elliott Galer—the new tenor, who was introduced to the English public by Mr. Stammers at the St. James's Theatre—made his first appearance at the Haymarket as Henry Bertram. Henry Bertram is exactly the character to suit a novice, and Mr. Elliott Galer laboured under no disadvantage in the part. This gentleman has a pleasing voice; but we cannot commend his method.

Miss Julia Harland was ladylike and unpretending in Lucy Bertram, and sang her songs neatly; and Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, although no singer, got through the music respectably. Miss Ellen Chaplin was excellent as Flora, Lucy Bertram's waiting woman.

The Meg Merrilles of Miss Cushman is entirely original in conception and execution. All other actresses have represented her as a middle-aged woman, vigorous in body, sound in mind—a sort of Helen Macgregor in low life, with measured step and graceful action, dignified and stately, pompous and grandiloquent, an entirely conventional personage, unideal and unromantic. Such a character is certainly not the Meg Merrilles of Walter Scott. It is evident from the story, that, at the period of Henry Bertram's return from India, Meg Merrilles must have been between sixty and seventy years of age. Some time previous to the murder of Kennedy, when Henry Bertram was stolen, she had a grown-up son transported, and more than twenty years had elapsed since then. Indeed, the whole tenor of the narration tends to show that Meg Merrilles was far advanced in life at the period when the drama begins. Miss Cushman not only differs from all her predecessors in her estimation of the gipsy's age, but in her entire conception of the character. With her, Meg Merrilles is worn in mind as well as body, and a certain wild insanity directs her actions and governs her speech. Infuriated by circumstances, and enthusiastic by nature, she fancies herself possessed of the gift of prophecy, and treats all who come within her influence with sovereign contempt, as though she disdained to hold communion with man. One earthly feeling alone declares her kindred with humanity—her attachment to Harry Bertram, whom in infancy she has fondled at her knee, whom she has loved from a child, and whose restoration to the inheritance of his ancestors she lives only to fulfil. This reading is in the highest sense poetical, and Miss Cushman carries it out with wonderful art. Nothing can exceed the wildness of her looks, nor the terrible meaning of her actions and attitudes, which, though necessarily constrained and angular, have all the appearance of truth, and are eminently picturesque. When she rushes on the stage, in her first scene, and stands transfix'd, as it were, into stone, gazing on Henry Bertram, with her grey locks dishevelled, her arm uplifted, her eyes flashing a wild and unearthly light, she presents one of the most striking pictures that can possibly be imagined. She looks, indeed, a Pythoness standing

"On her tripod, agonized, and full
Of inspiration gather'd from distress."

The whole of this scene is played with fearful intensity and grandeur. But, in the midst of her wildness and sublime passion, Miss Cushman does not lose sight of nature. In this scene she exhibited an exquisite touch of pathos, when taking leave of Henry Bertram, which appealed to every one, and brought down a tremendous burst of applause. We could call attention to many fine points in the scene with Dominie Sampson, especially where she foretells, in a high strain of eloquence and with an

energy not to be surpassed, the re-establishment of the Bertram family in their ancestral home. Here Miss Cushman approached the sublime. Most exquisite, too, was her lament over the days gone by, and her apostrophe to the old willow tree in the glen—which sheltered her youth, and beneath whose shadow many a time and oft she had dangled her little darling Henry—was affecting in the extreme. We should not omit her singing of the ballad, "O slumber, my darling," in the first scene. Simple, and given without an effort, the expression was so genuine, the feeling so intense, the words so distinctly pronounced, and, indeed, the intonation so true, as, for a moment, to suggest the conclusion that Miss Cushman was as great a singer as an actress. At all events, she seemed inspired in her singing. It was perfect in its way, and no living artist could have rendered it more naturally, or more effectively.

The scene in the cave where Meg Merrilies is shot, is, of course, the crowning triumph of Miss Cushman's performance. Description must fail to do justice to the terrible reality of the dying scene. The variety of passions that agitate the old gipsy's mind at the moment she is struck by the bullet, the struggle to keep down her agonies and the knowledge of her approaching dissolution, her joy at finding Henry Bertram declared lord of Ellangowan, her wild efforts to join in the loud huzzas that proclaim him, and the final battle with exhausted nature, fighting to the utterance even with death, constituted one of the most overpowering dramatic exhibitions ever witnessed. Many will call the acting of Miss Cushman in this scene "melo-dramatic." So indeed it is. So was Edmund Kean's in the death scenes of *Richard the Third*, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and the *Iron Chest*. So was Macready's in those of *Macbeth*, *Werner*, *King Lear*, and *Hamlet*. And so they ought to be. Edmund Kean said, with truth, "that every great tragedian must necessarily be a great melo-dramatic actor," and furnished an admirable illustration of his dogma in his own person. In conclusion, when all is over, and we would as tersely as possible give expression to our pent-up feelings respecting Miss Cushman's Meg Merrilies, we may indeed exclaim with Dominic Sampson—"PRO-DIGIOUS!"

STRAND.—The novelty this week has been the appearance of Miss H. Noel, a lady not unknown we believe, in London, as an artist of pleasure and varied attainments; and the vivacity and ease with which she played in the little extravaganza *Hunting a Turtle*, showed a talent which we hope to see developed in something better suited to call it forth. Miss Noel's personal qualifications are considerable. She has handsome and strongly-marked features, and a voice clear and well-toned. The pantomime continues its run.

ALTERING SHELLEY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your Journal of Saturday last, I find myself charged with the alteration of words, which were merely adapted by me at the suggestion of Mr. J. Hudson, comedian, who doubtless changed the line you quote, to suit the character and situation of the drama in which originally the serenade was introduced.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

134, Long Acre, Feb. 5th, 1854.

ALFRED MELLON.

[Has not Mr. Mellon read Shelley—the most musical of poets?—Ed.]

LUMLEY v. GYE.—This cause is to be tried in the Court of Queen's Bench on Monday, the 20th inst. The action is brought by Mr. Lumley against Mr. Gye, to recover compensation for the loss of Mlle. Johanna Wagner's services. Damages are laid at £30,000. For the plaintiff Sir F. Thesiger, Sir F. Kelly, Messrs. Huddleston, Cowling, and Haddestone; for the defendant the Attorney-General, and Messrs. Willis and Creasy are retained. A special jury has been nominated by Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, for the plaintiff, and will be reduced immediately.

M. SAINVILLE, the celebrated comic actor at the Palais-Royal, died on the 31st ult., at Pau, aged 48.

ANOTHER CHARITABLE MANAGER.

Nor to be outdone by the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Cooke, of Astley's, makes an offering to the poor, through the medium of their box. We quote from the papers:

"His Lordship received a check for 10*l.* for the poor-box, in a note, of which the following is a copy:—

"Feb. 3rd.

"My Lord,—It is with regret I read of the present low funds of the poor-box. I beg to hand to your Lordship the enclosed check, requesting your Lordship's kind acknowledgment in the *Times*, not with a view of egotism, but with a hope it may induce some of my brother managers, who, like myself have been blessed with a prosperous festive season, to contribute their mite to this benevolent fund.

"Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

"WILLIAM COOKE.

"Astley's Royal Amphitheatre."

We suggest that Messrs. Kean, Webster, and Wigan should now step forward—as managers, to give soup, and as actors, to give coals. Mr. Robson might also give candles. Until the Italian Operas open, we refrain from advising Messrs. Lumley and Gye on the managerial-charity movement.

YANKEE DOODLE.

The origin of this tune, so celebrated as a national air of the Revolution, is almost a mystery to the people of the present day. Long before the Revolution, the air was universally known as "Lady Fisher," a favourite New England jig. It was the practice, as with "Yankee Doodle" now, to sing it to impromptu verses—as, for example:—

"Lydia Locket lost her pocket,
Lydia Fisher found it—
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it."

Before the war, the English, in contempt of the simplicity of Yankee manners, were accustomed to sing airs set to words invented for the occasion, ridiculing and deriding the New Englanders. "Yankee Doodle" was a kind of parody of "Lydia Fisher." The English officers, under civil and military appointments, countenanced these slurs. When the battles of Concord and Lexington began the war, the English, advancing in triumph, played "God save the King;" while the Americans when they made the retreat so disastrous to the invaders, struck up "Yankee Doodle," in answer to their oppressors.

From that time, "Yankee Doodle" was adopted throughout the American colonies, as the national air of the sons of liberty, while the "Methodists" accepted it as an appropriate nickname. Judge Martin, in the history of North Carolina, has given another account of the origin of "Yankee Doodle." He says it was invented at Albany, in 1755, and attributes it to a British officer, who exercised his plausibility on the costume of the Americans, then assembling to join the expedition of General Johnson and Governor Shirley. The tune and words, says a writer in the *Columbian Gazette*, at Washington, were known as early as the time of Cromwell, to whom they were applied in a song called "Yankee Doodle."

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a little pony,
With a feather in his hat,
Upon a macaroni."

Cromwell went to Oxford on a small horse, with a single feather, fastened in a sort of knot called a "macaroni." That such an early origin may be the true one seems probable from the fact that, about the time strife was engendered at Boston, muskets were sometimes conveyed to the country in loads of manure, etc., which fact seems to be alluded to in the verse:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
For to buy a firelock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock."

HARMONIC UNION.—Handel's *Acis and Galatea* is announced for performance at Exeter Hall, on Monday, when Mozart's accompaniments are to be introduced for the first time in this country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. GENGE's communication must be paid for as an advertisement.
MUSICUS.—*François Antoine Habeneck, the founder and conductor of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, died at Paris, on the 8th of February, 1849. He was a good violinist, but not, we believe, a composer.*

MR. F. P. CELLI'S communication is an advertisement.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1854.

In the year 1850 a concert was given at Exeter Hall, for which Mdlle. Jenny Lind (now Mdme. Otto Goldschmidt) afforded her services gratuitously, in conjunction with some English singers of repute. More than one circumstance connected with this concert has caused it to be remembered by those immediately concerned. The performance consisted of Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah*. There was a grand orchestra, a powerful chorus, and a conductor of eminence—Mr. Benedict. The performance, on the whole, was the best ever given in England (and probably elsewhere), of that immortal masterpiece. An incident occurred which is worth recalling, if only as a memento of Mdlle. Lind's artistic morality, and of her sincerity in the pursuit of the object for which the concert had been instituted. Two well-known English singers, who proffered their services, or rather solicited the honour of assisting on the occasion, did not think it necessary to attend rehearsals. Like a celebrated conductor, either they had no time, or they considered that a work so easy and familiar as *Elijah* would go just as well without preparation. Not so Mdlle. Lind. She, on the contrary, insisted that rehearsals were necessary, and further, that the presence of the chief singers was as indispensable as that of the orchestra and chorus. We remember well, that she came to the minute—before the minute, indeed—to every rehearsal, with or without chorus, at Mr. Benedict's private residence and at Exeter Hall. When, at a full rehearsal, the two well-known English singers failed to appear, Mdlle. Jenny Lind declared positively that she would not sing with them at night; and as she was the great attraction of the concert her will was law, and not to be disobeyed. Accordingly, two other well-known English singers were invited, and, eagerly accepting the invitation, were forthwith installed in the place of the first "well-known," who, like a celebrated conductor, had not time to attend rehearsals. The sequel need not be recapitulated; it was a painful one; and we shall not regret if Oblivion has laid her finger on it.

"What next?"—our readers will ask. *Quid tum postea?* It was the occasion of the concert that was sacred; and this, more than the abstract claims of *Elijah* on the respect of all who call themselves musicians, excited the lively interest of the Swedish songstress, and forced her, against her nature, to appear unamiable and tyrannical to her fellow artists. That she had reason on her side, our readers will presently own.

The occasion, we have said, was a sacred one. The concert at Exeter Hall was projected by committee of amateurs and professors, for the purpose of laying the foundation of a fund, to be devoted, in the best way that might afterwards be decided, to raising a memorial, through which the sense entertained by musical England of the genius and influence of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy should be perpetuated. A few

were for a monument, others not for a monument; but all concurred in the propriety of some manifestation of the kind. The committee having been formed (it is not requisite here to mention the names of the gentlemen who composed it), it was speedily resolved that a concert should be given, and that application should be made to Jenny Lind—whose veneration for Mendelssohn was notorious—to grant her name and services. It was calculated that this would be an auspicious beginning, and would be the means of placing the "Mendelssohn Testimonial Fund" on a solid foundation. The belief was warranted. Jenny Lind consented, without a word of further explanation; the concert was given, and nearly £1200 sterling realised.

This first step effected, and effected with such *éclat*, the committee, after voting a letter of thanks to Mdlle. Lind, set to work about considering what should be done with the money in hand. At the end of much discussion, the monument was abandoned to the Sacred Harmonic Society (who gloriously carried out their original scheme, by possessing themselves of a small bust in plaster of Paris, which was invisible at a hundred paces); and the more congenial notion of a "Mendelssohn Scholarship," for gratuitous education in music, was suggested and adopted. The money was at once to be funded, and the interest allowed to accumulate, until the necessary arrangements could be made. In the mean time arose the question as to the *locale* of the scholarship. Of course, in a very short period, the proposition that London should be the place, and the Royal Academy of Music endowed with the privilege, was put aside as absurd and untenable. The only reasons that could be urged in support of it, were, that the money was English money, that the idea of the concert was suggested and that the concert took place in London, that Mendelssohn had been thoroughly appreciated in England before he was accredited in Germany, and that his most glorious artistic successes had been achieved, and his greatest works produced, in this country. These were of course insufficient, and the superior claims of Leipsic were established, with very little difficulty—of Leipsic, where they have taken Mendelssohn down from his pedestal, to put Schumann in his place, and where the four "eminent professors," who have been entrusted with preparing his MSS. for publication, think it a good year's work to select half-a-dozen songs with words, and as many without, for committal to the hands of the engraver!

However, Leipsic was adopted. The "scholarship" was to be founded in the Leipsic Conservatory of Music, of which Mendelssohn had been "Principal;" and, after some little delay, the £1,200 (Jenny Lind's virtual subscription) was sent, as we understand, to the city of the *Gewandhaus*. Having done which, the committee rubbed their hands, and fell asleep.

Four years have elapsed. The committee of the "Mendelssohn Testimonial Fund" have not been dissolved; and yet they have never met since. How is that to be explained? The undertaking was surely not meant to stop with the Jenny Lind subscription—to be suddenly arrested, as though, instead of a promising beginning, a death-blow had been given to all their hopes. And yet it would almost seem so, since, although still undissolved, the committee have never re-assembled. Has their ardour cooled, now that seven years have elapsed since music died with Mendelssohn? If not, what?

Where is the money funded? To how much, the interest having been allowed to accumulate, does it now amount?—and what is to be done with it? The Mendelssohn Testi-

monial Fund Committee, it is clear, if not dissolved, have at least suspended functions. Their "occupation's gone"—not so, we trust, the money.

But seriously, the question is a grave one. Madlle. Lind has been literally duped. Would she, in the zenith of her popularity, when her services were purchased at any price, have consented to accord them gratuitously for the sake of having the proceeds of her attraction "funded," without a definite purpose, and for the ultimate benefit of no one knows whom? Assuredly not. Unless, therefore, a satisfactory account is rendered of the progress of the Mendelssohn Testimonial Fund, and of the present aspect of Madlle. Lind's £1,200, Madlle. Lind, we repeat, has been duped. It behoves the committee—among whom, by the way, we can remember the names of Sir George Smart, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Klingemann, Mr. Chorley, and Mr. Buxton (what is the use of concealing them?)—to call a meeting and inquire into the matter without further delay.

We shall return to the subject.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SABBATH EVENINGS," Seven Sacred Pieces for the pianoforte or organ. Composed by FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. In Three Books. Wessel and Co.

No. 1 and 2 are arrangements of two vocal motets, founded on themes that probably belong to the Lutheran chorales. As their origin will not be traced by the majority of purchasers, we are of opinion that the publishers should, on that account, if on no other, have stated the source from which they derived them. The fact that they are Mendelssohn's, however, is enough to invest them with a peculiar interest, had they no other claims to notice. No. 1, entitled "In deep Distress," forms, in its present shape, a kind of *suite de pièces*, comprising five movements, *chorale*, *fugue*, *adagio*, *chorale*, *chorale*—all but the *adagio* being in the key of F minor. The *chorale* is first given in plain four-part harmony, and then made the subject of a *fugue*, also in four parts. These constitute the first and second movements. The *chorale* a fine tune (something in the character of "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my Spirit," in St. Paul, and in the same key) is richly harmonized. The *fugue*, without being elaborate, is extremely interesting. That it should be masterly is only what might have been expected from Mendelssohn. The *adagio*, a flowing movement in A flat, 3-8 time, serves as a relief to what follows and precedes it; but as the 4th movement is merely an elaboration of the first, the subject of the *chorale* being introduced in augmentation, while the 5th and last is the tune itself, repeated with different harmony, its exact relationship to the rest of the *suite*, which is all in one key and founded upon one subject, is difficult to explain. It will at once be observed, even by those who have never seen or heard the motets, that from the manner in which the parts are distributed the whole of these movements might be sung by voices. Not that they will be found the less welcome on that account.

No. 2—"In the Midst of Life"—bears equally strong evidence of having been composed for voices, with organ or wind instrument accompaniments. It begins with a solemn *chorale* in C minor, which is twice interrupted by an *agitato* movement in F minor, marked *vivace*, and at the end developed to some length as a *coda*. We have nothing to offer about this piece beyond the simple assertion that it is fine music, and must be very impressive in its original shape.

No. 3—"Ave Maria"—arranged for two performers on the pianoforte, is the most beautiful, though the least elaborate of the three numbers. The opening, in A major, is lovely; the episode, in F sharp minor, with a moving bass in a style peculiarly Mendelssohnian, is lovely; and the whole is a gem. Every musician should possess it—in its original form, if possible—if not, in its present shape as a pianoforte duet.

All three numbers were probably composed for the Berlin Chapel.

"NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITIONS OF SACRED ORATORIOS." In vocal score. With a separate accompaniment for organ or piano. Arranged by VINCENT NOVELLO. J. Alfred Novello.

We have received the first four numbers of a new edition, or rather a new issue, of Mr. Novello's Octavo Oratorios. They consist of *The Messiah*, *Judas Maccabaeus*, *Samson*, and *The Creation*. The present issue, considerably reduced in price, is handsomely bound in scarlet cloth. Mr. Novello first printed his octavo edition of Oratorios in 1846. Nothing of the kind had been previously attempted, and the evident utility and unprecedented cheapness of the edition at once ensured a large sale. Another edition of the same oratorios having been published, and at the same price as that of Novello, he boldly challenged competition by a further reduction, and, as there is no deterioration in the quality, there can be little doubt of the result.

The new edition of the Sacred Oratorios has many recommendations. Its portable form, the clearness of the printing, and its neat appearance, all combine with its cheapness to render it attractive. The reduction of the instrumental accompaniments for the pianoforte has been skilfully made by Mr. Novello, although, to render them easy, a great many figures and passages which appear in the original scores have been omitted.

"THE OMNI." An entire New Dance, for all the World. By M. LAYLAND. Addison and Hollier.

We might find fault with Mr. Layland's English (*his entire*), but we have no objection to his "Omni Dance," which is agreeable and very well-written. For the figure, or figures, we must refer the reader to the author's explanations, which are given at length. The "Omni Dance" is a long piece, the various parts or figures in which are frequently repeated, the two prevailing accents being those of the march and polka. It betrays an evidence of good musicianship, and a general taste for harmony, not often to be remarked in ordinary dance music.

"THE PACHA'S POLKA." "ZARA"—*Valse à deux-temps*. By Carl Höchst. Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

"THE Pacha's Polka"—we fear the Generalissimo of the Turkish army will have much to answer for before the war is over—is very lively, which is a great feature in a polka, and has an excellent part for the cornet-à-pistons, which is another. Moreover, there is no pretence about it, and it is extremely easy to play.

The *Valse à deux-temps* is even better than the polka, and quite as easy. The first and third numbers are remarkably tuneful. There is a cornet part to this, too. Nothing can be simpler or better suited to beginners.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has sent, through his ambassador, the sum of one thousand francs towards the fund in aid of a monument to C. M. Von Weber, to be erected at Eutin, the birth-place of the composer.

BEETHOVEN'S MASS IN D.—We have heard it reported that the Sacred Harmonic Society and the old Philharmonic Society intend joining their forces together, in order to give a grand public performance of the above unfathomable composition. "Too many cooks, etc."

THE MISSES PYNE'S PIANO.—At the concert given at Wigton, on the 18th ult., the Misses Pyne were not a little surprised to be set down to the identical pianoforte which formerly belonged to them, and upon which Miss Louisa Pyne played the first piece she was ever taught. This incident so affected her that she shed tears on leaving the room.

THE QUEEN'S PIPER.—Sandy M'Kay, her Majesty's piper, has gone out of his mind, and there is little hope of his recovery. He wrote a few days since a letter to Colonel Phipps, in which he stated he was in possession of documents proving him to be the lawful heir to the throne; but, as he had no wish to dethrone Queen Victoria, he demanded an interview. This was granted, and, on Sandy making his appearance at the Castle, he was put under restraint. M'Kay was the first piper in Scotland. His duty was to play before the Queen and Royal suite at dinner, and at the dancing of the Scotch reels.

ROME.—*Elisa Valasco*; o, *Lorenzo di Medici*, a new opera by Pacini, has been produced with indifferent success. Barbieri-Nini sings the principal part.

MR. STERNDALE BENNETT'S SOIREEES.

MR. STERNDALE BENNETT gave his first performance of "classical pianoforte music" for the present season, in the Hanover-Square Rooms. There was a crowded and fashionable audience, which, under the influence of a new system of lighting (the patent of Mr. Leslie, whose method of ventilation was also adopted), looked unusually brilliant. But while the dresses of the ladies, and the ladies themselves, could bear the unwonted light triumphantly, it was different with the walls and faded paraphernalia of the rooms, which came out from the ordeal, dark and dingy.

Mr. Bennett's programmes are always worth quoting, and the present one is not less so than any of its precursors :

Part First.—Quintet (Op. 41) in F minor—Dussek; Preludes and Fugues—Handel and Mendelssohn; Preghiera, Mrs. Lockey—Winter; Sonata in F major, Op. 5, Pianoforte and Violoncello—Beethoven.

Part Second,—Preludes and Lessons, Op. 33, Pianoforte—Bennett; Sonata (A major), Pianoforte and Violin—Mozart; Songs, Mrs. Lockey—W. S. Bennett; Sonata, Pianoforte (No. 2, Op. 27)—Beethoven.

Dussek's quintet, Mozart's sonata, and the violoncello sonata by Beethoven (an early work) are somewhat too much of a family ; and this said, there is no other point open to objection in the above very interesting selection. The works of Dussek are too good to be neglected, as they are at the present time, and Mr. Bennett must be praised for reviving so fine a specimen of the master, no less than for its admirable performance by himself and his coadjutors Messrs. Blagrove (violin), Dando (viola), Piatti (violoncello), and Reynolds (double-bass). The quintet pleased so well, that the quartet in E flat, or the trio in C, of the same composer, might be introduced, with a certainty of success, at one of the future concerts. The preludes and fugues were Handel's in D minor (from the *Suites des Pièces*), and Mendelssohn's in D major (from the *Six Preludes and Fugues*). The theme of Handel's fugue begins like the old air, "Charlie is my darling." It is the least elaborate of the five which appear in the *Suites des Pièces*. We have heard nothing more finished than Mr. Bennett's execution of this fugue. Such tone and pure *legato* has perhaps not been heard since the days of Cramer and Dussek. We entirely differ from the intelligent critic of the *Daily News*, about Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in D major, which, in direct contradistinction to his opinion, we consider, not merely as one of Mendelssohn's happiest essays in the particular style of composition to which they belong, but as equal in beauty, originality, and ingenious workmanship to any of Bach's or Handel's. The extraordinary length and development of the *allegro*, in Beethoven's early sonata, must strike every one with astonishment. It shows how soon one great characteristic of his after matured style appeared in his compositions. (The three pianoforte sonatas dedicated to Haydn, and the first set of trios, may be cited as similar instances.) The execution of the sonata by Mr. Bennett, and his accomplished co-advisor, Sig. Piatti, was beyond reproach.

From the *Preludes and Lessons*—those graceful trifles which Mr. Bennett composed expressly for the use of the Queen's College, London—he selected No. 19 (*Aria*), No. 20 (*Caprice*), No. 22 (*The Year's last Hour*), and No. 23 (*Armonioso Brillante*), and played them so charmingly that the audience called him back, and he was obliged to give three more. We have only one fault to find with these lessons—viz., that they are too short for their style; and whenever we hear any of them we feel inclined to say—like Grizzle to the ghost of King Arthur—"If no more, why so much?"

The most faultless performance of the evening, on the part of Mr. Bennett, was the sonata, for pianoforte and violin, the finest Mozart has written, with the first movement of which Beethoven was as much taken as Weber with the last—witness their respective obligations, as acknowledged in their works. Mr. Blagrove's pure tone and admirably correct execution were thoroughly suited in the *allegro* and *presto*; but in the *andante* a little more of what is romantically designated "soul" would have been welcome. The theme, though simple, must not be coldly played. The sonata in E flat (*quasi fantasia*) from Beethoven's Op. 27, which opens with one of the composer's most expressive melodies, and concludes with one of his most spirited

finales, is very rarely played in public, although, in spite of the *anti-sonata* form of its first part, it is a work of singular originality and beauty. The minuet, too, is quaint and capricious ; and the recurrence of the *adagio*, just before the termination of the *finale*, is an idea of which later composers have taken frequent advantage. Every one was delighted to hear this sonata ; and few will complain, if, at one of the next *soirées*, Mr. Bennett were to play the sonata in F sharp (Op. 78) or that in F major (Op. 54), which are quite as seldom heard as the one introduced with so much success on Tuesday evening.

The vocal music was as unexceptionable as was the singing of Mrs. Lockey. Winter's "O, Giove" has lost much of its ancient charm ; but it is a fine melody for all that. The two songs by Mr. Bennett were, "Musing on the roaring Ocean," (from the *Six Songs*), of which the music is worthy of the burning words of Burns ; and a MS. song, "To a Flower," a touching illustration of one of the charming lyrics of Barry Cornwall. The last was greatly admired, and Mrs. Lockey was compelled to repeat it.

WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

The concert of last Wednesday comprised some novelties. The directors on this, the occasion of their benefit night, introduced, for the first time, two young ladies and one elderly gentleman. The ladies were Miss Maria Simpson and Miss Lucy Ledger ; the gentleman, Mr. T. Young. To the Wednesday Evening Concerts we are indebted for hearing many singers and instrumentalists, who probably, but for them, would have remained unknown. At these performances, untried artists have a chance of testing their ability ; there is nothing exclusive in their management. Of the three new appearances of Wednesday last, we prefer Miss Lucy Ledger, although she was so nervous as scarcely to be able to sing a note. Under such circumstances it was hardly judicious in the *débutante* to accompany herself on the pianoforte ; but, notwithstanding Miss Lucy Ledger's nervousness, a pleasing and agreeable style was apparent. Miss Maria Simpson was not nervous and did not accompany herself on the pianoforte ; she was consequently heard to greater advantage than Miss Lucy Ledger and produced a greater effect. She was moreover honoured with an encore. We beg Mr. T. Young's pardon if we have set him down erroneously as a "first appearance." He has a tenor voice of agreeable quality, and sings with taste. He was encored in one of Moore's melodies ; he also sang Parry's ballad "Fair and faithful, too" with great applause.

The Concert opened with a selection from the works of Auber. The band played the overture to the *Crown Diamonds*, Mr. Augustus Braham sang the barcarole from *Masaniello*, with chorus, and "My sister dear," from *Masaniello*—not from *La Muette de Portici*. Miss Grace Alleyne sang "On yonder Rock reclining," from *Fra Diavolo*, and Elvira's recitative and aria from *Masaniello*. Both these favourite artists acquitted themselves well. Miss Louisa Pyne was encored in "Ah, je veux briser ma chaîne," from the *Crown Diamonds*, which she sang with great brilliancy and facility. Mr. Leffler gave "When Time hath bereft thee," from *Gustavus* (not Auber's), and the selection from the great French composer terminated with a chorus from *Fra Diavolo*. Herr Meyer Lutz is not a pianist of much force. He plays in time and executes neatly, but is wanting in tone, breadth, and power. He performed the *Allegretto* and *Finale* from Chopin's second pianoforte concerto, in F. Of the rest of the performers we must speak briefly. Madame F. Lablache sang an *aria* of Mercadante, and, with her husband, the comic duet "Oh ! guardate che figura." Miss Stabbach surprised us by her vigorous reading of Verdi's "*Ernani, involami*," which, nevertheless, is always ineffectual in a concert room. Madame Newton Frodsham sang Pacini's "*Sommo cielo*" (*Schiava in Bagdad*) admirably, and was loudly applauded. Miss Louise Christine performed a solo on the harp with great success ; and Mr. Viotti Collins, a solo on the violin. The most interesting novelty, however, was a clever new overture, in F. sharp minor, by Mr. G. Cusins, which might have been better performed.

Meanwhile the directors have given new life and impetus to

their present series, by the engagement, for three nights, of Mr. Sims Reeves, who will make his first appearance on Wednesday next.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* took place on Thursday night, at Exeter Hall, before an overflowing audience. The singers were Misses Louisa Pyne, Dolby, and Bertha Street, Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Herberle, A. Novello, Smythson, Walker, and Signor Belletti. This was, in many respects, the finest execution of Mendelssohn's great work that we have ever heard in London. The choruses, for the most part, were surprisingly well sung. The only novelty in the vocal department was the *début* of Mr. Herberle, who, supplying the place of Mr. Sims Reeves at few hours' notice, had no easy task to achieve. Mr. Herberle, however, proved himself a good musician, and a singer of considerable taste and acquirement. His voice is an agreeable, if not a powerful tenor. He pleased the audience, and satisfied the connoisseurs that he had not undertaken a task beyond his means. Sig. Belletti, on this occasion, sang the whole of the music of *Elijah*, and acquitted himself extremely well. If he perseveres in the study of sacred music, he will be a valuable addition to the Exeter Hall Concerts—more especially during the absence of Herr Formes. The other singers exhibited their accustomed talent. The unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine Eyes," by Miss L. Pyne, Miss Dolby, and Mrs. Lockey, though taken too slow, was as perfect an example of concerted singing as we ever listened to.

As the first performance of *Elijah* this season was very faulty, the excellence of that of Thursday night was the more gratifying. A rehearsal of the chorus, under the direction of Mr. Costa (for the first time, we believe, these three years), took place in the interval between the two concerts. Here was the secret. *Elijah* is announced for repetition on Friday, the 17th inst.

FOREIGN.

PARIS (Feb. 5).—At the Académie Impériale de Musique, Sophie Cruvelli, in the *Huguenots*, continues to attract crowded houses. The rehearsals of the *Vestale* continue, but nothing is yet decided as to who is to play the part of Licinius. The question has been submitted to three arbitrators, selected from among our most eminent artists. Rossini's *Mosè* is also in rehearsal for the *début* of the Italian tenor, Brignoli.—At the Opéra-Comique, the new work by Scribe and Meyerbeer is almost ready for production.—At the Théâtre Italien, the management does not relax in its endeavours, but produces a new work, or rather an old one, every week. On Thursday, the *Gaza Ladra* was performed, with Alboni in Ninetta, which she has already played in Paris and in London. Tamburini was the father, and Gardoni played the young soldier. Signor Dalle Aste, a new basso, made his *début* as the Podestà, with decided success. This gentleman sang once in London, at the concert of Miss Arabella Goddard, in the Hanover Square Rooms, two seasons ago. The singing of Alboni was nothing short of perfection. On Sunday, the *Puritani* was played, with Signor Graziani for the first time in the part of Ricardo. On Tuesday, Mdlle. Petrowich made her *début* in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

We hear that Mdlle. Clauss, on her (imaginary) road to St. Petersburg, has given concerts at Cologne, Düsseldorf, Elberfeld, and Bonn, with great success. At the court of Hanover, she played twice, and received the most flattering testimonials from the King and Queen. After the second concert, Mdlle. Clauss was summoned into the apartments of the Queen, who presented her with a magnificent bracelet, enriched with diamonds. Mdme. Clara Schumann (late Wieck) played at the same concert. From Hanover Mdlle. Clauss proceeds to Leipzig, where she is to perform the concerto in C minor of Beethoven, some of Heller's studies, and other pieces. The Misses Dulcken lately played at the Théâtre Italien, for the benefit of Mdme. Aldegonde, M. and Mdme. Deloffre have recommended their *soirées*. A musical and dramatic *soirée* has been given by Mdlle. Stella Colas who was assisted by M.

Samson of the Comédie Française, M.M. Roger, Alard, Goria &c. Although Mdlle. Stella Colas is but fifteen years of age, her talent as a tragedian is extraordinary. She recited the dream of *Lucrèce*, by Ponsard, and the fourth and fifth scenes of *Les Horaces*. Mérly has written some verses about her, in which he predicts that she will be a future Rachel. M. Fétis is in Paris.

The second concert of the Société Sainte-Cécile, on Sunday, Jan. 29th, was very numerously attended. The performances commenced with the overture to *Euryanthe*, followed by Haydn's *Storm and Calm*, which was sung by Mdlle. Dussey, of the Académie Impériale, Mdlle. Vogler, and Messrs. Mercier, Guyot, and chorus, the conductor being Mons. Wekerlin. After this, a serenade for stringed instruments, by M. Gouvy, and the finale to *Euryanthe* were given, the concert concluding with Beethoven's symphony in A major (No. 7).

The Société des Concerts des Jeunes Artistes lately gave their third concert in the Salle Herz, as usual. Beethoven's symphony in C major (No. 1), and an overture by M. Demersmann, were the principal instrumental pieces. Mdlle. Dobré was the vocalist.

MARSEILLES.—A melancholy accident attended the last representation of the *Prophète*. In the fifth act, a young dancer, Mdlle. Marra, was on the stage, when the fire caught her dress, which was of gauze. In her fright the unfortunate young girl ran against a part of the scenery from which the flames were emitted, and was soon enveloped in them. Some of her comrades approached and threw their cloaks over her; but it was too late. Mdlle. Marra did not survive her injuries, and died very shortly after. Her funeral took place amidst general mourning. The theatre was closed on the occasion.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, (January 14th).—Another honourable distinction is intended in our city for the King of Wurtemberg's *capellmeister*, Herr Lindpaintner. The committee of the Lower Rhenish Music-Festival, who, in 1851, had already engaged the services of Herr Lindpaintner, have resolved—"that, remembering the distinguished talent displayed by that eminent musician in conducting the last music-festival, and in particular the beneficial influence he exercised upon all the executants, Herr Lindpaintner shall again be invited to direct the festival of 1854." The offer has been accepted, and, at the termination of his engagement with the New Philharmonic Concerts in London, Herr Lindpaintner will proceed to Aix-la-Chapelle.

BRUSSELS.—The second concert of the *Conservatoire* took place on Sunday, January 29th, a week later than originally intended, the officers of the regiment of *Guides* having announced a *Matinée Musicale* for the same day and the same hour as those fixed on for the concert of the Conservatory. This deprived Mona, Fétis of some of his best wind instruments, and the concert was, therefore, postponed until the 29th of January. The principal features of the programme were the overture to *Leonora*, and Félicien David's *Desert*. Mdlle. Rosa Kastner, the pianist, has not yet appeared in public, although here about a month. She has, however, played at several private *réunions*, and will shortly give a *soirée* of vocal and instrumental music.

VIENNA.—In celebration of Mozart's birthday his opera of *Don Juan* was performed, instead of *Belmonte und Constanze*, (*It Seraglio*) as originally intended. Mesdames La Grua, and Wildauer, and Messieurs Beck, Staudigl, and Draxler were the principle singers.—A concert was given at the Academy of Music on the 25th of January, on which occasion the 27th psalm by Reissiger, and a tenor solo, with chorus, "Gott behütet alle Frommen," by Lindpaintner, attracted general attention. Mdlle. Hauris sang a lied by Eckert, "Tausendschön," and Mdlle. Beyer the favourite melody of Curschmann, "Der Kleine Hans," (No, I will not bear it any longer.)—At the Hof-Theater Nicolai's opera, "Die Lustigen Weiber" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*), has been revived.—A new mass composed by Edouard Grudak, a pupil of the Academy of Music, is said to possess considerable merit.

NAPLES.—Among the papers left by Bellini, a hitherto unknown opera, entitled *Adelson and Salvina*, has lately been discovered and pronounced genuine by the Conservatory. It will shortly be published here as well as in England and France.—*Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung*.

ST. PETERSBURG, 9th January.—M. Ciardi, principal flautist to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, has made his *début* at a concert given by the Philharmonic Society for the benefit of the widows and orphans of its members.—The *Prophète* becomes more and more successful at the opera. Tamberlik's Jean of Leyden continues to excite enthusiasm. The part of Fides is hardly suited to the powers of Madame La Grange.

BOSTON.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Jullien's benefit and that of Mademoiselle Anna Zerr, concluded the second series of the "Jullien Concerts" given in this town. Jullien has fairly won the favour of the Bostonians, no less by his talents than by his *bonhomie*, and his kindness to every one with whom he comes in contact. The spacious Music Hall was crowded to excess on the occasion of Jullien's benefit. There was not standing room. Even the orchestra seats were encroached on by the public, and the artists had barely room to play. But good nature and a mutual wish to accommodate prevailed. The members of the City Guard and their ladies occupied the eastern wing of the second balcony. "The Sleigh Polka," dedicated to that corps by Jullien, constituted one of the attractions of the evening. "The American Quadrille" created the usual excitement, and the whole audience rose as the "National Anthem" was performed, the ladies joining with all their might in the clapping and cheering. The farewell burst of applause to Jullien at the end was loud and vehement. The receipts on Jullien's night, I understand, were as large as any ever received at any concert in the Music Hall.

PRAGUE.—On the 27th of January a Vocal Mass by Rohföhrer, a *Graduale* by Liszt, and an *Offertorium* by Lohr, were performed at St. Clement's Church.

MUNICH, (24th of Jan.)—The Hof-Capelle gave its first concert for the season at the Odeon. Beethoven's Mass in D was the principal feature.

NICE.—The Bishop of Nice has revived the action which he commenced thirteen years ago against the executors of the late Paganini, whom he has summoned before a commission of three Archbishops, to decide whether Paganini ought to lie interred in holy ground.

STRASBURGH.—On Sunday *Le Père Gaillard*, a comic opera by M. Reber, was performed for the first time. The interest excited by this work is explained by the fact of M. Reber having been born at Strasburgh.

PESTH.—Madame Agnes Bury, the soprano, who made so favourable an impression last year in England, is at the opera here.

ROUEN.—We have had a good season here. Puget has confirmed his success of last year. Mdmes. Letèvre, Widemann, and M. Poultier, the tenor, complete the company.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—(From our own Correspondent).—The first subscription concert of our Philharmonic Society, for the present season, took place on Tuesday, and was attended by a numerous and fashionable audience. The artists were Miss Arabella Goddard, Mdm. Amedei, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. D. Land, and M. Sainton. So much had been said of Miss Goddard and Mdm. Amedei, that their appearance excited unusual curiosity, and the expectations of the audience were realized. Miss Arabella Goddard, although only eighteen years of age, is decidedly our most rising pianist. In her are united the severe and pure style of Charles Hallé and the execution of the Thalberg school. Her tone is full and round, her touch firm, yet, when necessary, of fairy-like delicacy, while her manual dexterity is prodigious. On the present occasion, her qualifications were severely tested in Beethoven's sonata, for violin and piano, dedicated to Kreutzer, the same master's "Choral Fantasia," a fantasia by Wallace, and the "Sultan's March" of Rossini, arranged by Benedict. In the first she displayed a thorough acquaintance with all the varied difficulties of the composition, and frequently excited the applause of the audience. In the "Choral Fantasia," she completely succeeded in realizing the highly-poetical fancies of the composer, and gave her part of the music with a brilliancy of colouring and executive skill, which fully bore out the words sung by the chorus in praise of music. The fantasia was admirably given by all concerned—the chorus singing with a delicacy which gave unmitigated satisfaction. After Wallace's fantasia

(on airs from *Maritana*), Miss Goddard, being rapturously encored, played a brilliant piece by Stephen Heller, "On Song's bright Pinions," founded on one of Mendelssohn's songs. Her last performance, the "Sultan's March" was also loudly demanded, but this time the young pianist was content to return to the orchestra and curtsey her acknowledgments. In fine, Miss Goddard succeeded in making an unmistakeable impression on the Liverpool public—the most cold and apathetic in the kingdom. We cannot assert that Madame Amedei is equal to Alboni: but we have not for many years heard a more rich *contralto* voice than hers. This lady, said to be an Englishwoman, is certainly a charming singer, and will be a great acquisition to our operatic stage. She sang the duet "Bella Imago," from *Semiramide*, with Mr. Weiss, "Se m' abandonni," from Mercadante's *Nicotri*, "Ah, mon fils," from the *Prophète*; and an English ballad by Mr. Land. M. Sainton is a violinist of the first rank, a careful and conscientious player—his tone delicate, and his execution finished. In the Beethoven duet with Miss Goddard, his performance frequently provoked applause, but his own fantasia on themes from *Lucrezia Borgia* came too late in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss delighted the audience with some favourite songs and, with the other vocalists, joined in several concerted pieces. The chorus, in addition to the "Choral Fantasia," sang "All hail, our Queen Victoria!" The band played Weber's *Jubilee Overture*, an overture by Lindpaintner, and Mariani's to *Xarcarilla*. The concert did not terminate till half-past eleven o'clock.

Ibid.—MR. E. W. THOMAS brought his second series of shilling concerts at the Philharmonic to a conclusion on Saturday week. Notwithstanding the slack attendance the first fortnight, the receipts have left him a handsome surplus after the payment of all expenses.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent).—The sixth concert of the Classical Chamber-Music Society, took place on Thursday, the 2nd inst., in the Town Hall, and was brilliantly attended. The following was the programme:—

Part First.—*Quintet*—(D Minor, Op. 130)—Spohr. *Sonata*—Pianoforte—(D, Op. 10, No. 3)—Beethoven.

Part Second.—*Quartet*—(E Flat, No. 2, Op. 12)—Mendelssohn. *Air Varié*—Pianoforte and Violoncello—(D)—Mendelssohn. *Nocturne*—Pianoforte—(E Flat, Op. 9)—Chopin. *Berceuse*—Pianoforte—(D Flat, Op. 57)—Chopin. *Study*—Pianoforte—(A Minor, Op. 45)—Thalberg.

The above selection differed from its predecessors in having no trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello—and containing a pianoforte quintet, and a quartet for stringed instruments. To make these as perfect as possible, Hallé secured in addition to Molique, as first fiddle, and Piatti as violoncello, Mr. J. Carrodus (a pupil of Molique), as second violin, and Mr. Baetens of our Concert Hall orchestra, as tenor. The playing of the four in the quintet was beyond all praise, while a more perfect stringed quartet has rarely been heard in Manchester. Mr. Carrodus, who is apparently quite a youth, made his first appearance here; and it is no slight praise to say that he executed his part in a style worthy of the artists with whom he was associated. Mr. Baetens was even better than usual. Except Hill, he is the best tenor-player we have heard in Manchester. Spohr's most recent quintet is replete with freshness and originality. The quartet of Mendelssohn is a wonderful work, even without the consideration that it was composed before he was fifteen years of age! The second movement, the *canzonetta* in G minor, so Mendelssohian, and therefore so beautiful, was enthusiastically encored. Hallé played finely in Spohr's quintet, and the solo sonata of Beethoven was a masterly performance. The duet by Mendelssohn—which was given at the second concert this season, was now repeated "by desire"—it was charmingly played by Hallé and Piatti, who seemed no less to understand the author than each other. Hallé's final selection of solo pieces was less interesting than usual, although his performance was entitled to unqualified approval.

MANCHESTER.—At Mr. Weston's last Saturday Evening Concerts, Mr. De France made his first appearance. This gentleman was one of the principal soloists of the Bernaise party, which made so successful an impression, about two years ago, in the Free-trade Hall.

BIRMINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—An extra concert was given at the Town Hall, by the Choral Festival Society, on Friday, February 3rd, on which occasion Madame Amedei, Madame Weiss, Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. G. Tedder, Mr. Land, Mr. Weiss, and M. Sainton appeared. The feature of the evening was Frank Mori's *Fridolin*, the merits of which you have so often discussed that it would be superfluous in me to say more than that Mesdames Amedei and Weiss, with Messrs. G. Tedder and Weiss, were most successful, and warmly applauded for their exertions. The choruses, under the able tuition of Mr. Stimpson, proved very efficient, and the London Orchestra, engaged for this occasion, gave proofs of how valuable is the aid of an institution which, by its admirable training and consequent efficiency, can, with one rehearsal, do justice to a work exhibiting as many difficulties of execution as an opera. The production of *Fridolin* reflects credit upon the directors (who, I need not remind your readers, are entitled to lasting gratitude for having given Mendelssohn's *Elijah* to England), and I have little doubt that, from the great success it achieved, the society will be stimulated to continue in the same praiseworthy spirit. Want of space obliges me to be brief in my notice of the rest of the concert. Miss Arabella Goddard played Moscheles' *spirituel fantasia*, *The Recollections of Ireland*, with orchestral accompaniments, with such taste and brilliancy as to call forth an unanimous *encore*. But why did the young and accomplished pianist omit the *cadenza*, where the three airs are so admirably worked together? Upon her reappearing she substituted one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words"—the lovely "duet" in A flat—Book 3. Madame Amedei met with a similar compliment in the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, which she sang with very great effect. Mr. G. Tedder, in the "Thorn," was also encored, and by his expressive singing well merited the honour. Mr. Weiss was extremely successful in Macfarren's characteristic song, "When Bacchus invented the Bowl," from *Don Quixote*, and Mrs. Weiss was equally happy in more than one piece. Nor must I forget to mention Mendelssohn's violin concerto, performed by M. Sainton in such a manner as to stamp him one of the most accomplished violinists of the day—if that were not already done long since. The orchestra was conducted by Frank Mori with a decision and judgment which fully warranted the flattering reception he encountered on appearing in the orchestra. Both as a composer and a conductor, Mr. Mori may be said to have gained a legitimate triumph in Birmingham.

BRIGHTON.—The first concert of the fourth season of the Amateur Symphony Society took place at the Pavilion Rooms, on Thursday evening the 2nd instant, before a large audience. The overture to *Die Zauberflöte* was given with precision, and much applauded. Haydn's symphony, No. 1, (in C) of the Salaman set, was a creditable performance. The andante, especially, was entitled to praise. Meyerbeer's March, from the *Camp of Silesia*, was more effective than when played at a previous concert. Beethoven's symphony, No. 2, (in D) followed. There were some new performers among the wind instruments, and a few more rehearsals would have been an improvement. The concert finished with the overture to *Cenerentola*, and the company separated much pleased. The subscriptions have increased to nearly 150. Mr. Gutteridge is the leader, and Mr. Oury conductor of the band. Mr. Frederick Wright is agent to the society.

GLASGOW.—(From our own Correspondent).—Mr. Wood's operatic troupe continue at Glasgow the success they achieved in Edinburgh. I was present at the performances of *Lucrezia Borgia* last Tuesday. The attendance, if not so fashionable, was as numerous as at Edinburgh. The theatre is more commodious, and better adapted for sound than that of the capital. Madame Caradori produced a great impression in *Lucrezia*. She has grown already into high favour with the connoisseurs, who consider her, next to Grisi, the best tragic actress of the operatic stage who has appeared in Glasgow. Formes, also, has won distinguished honours. In Duke Alfonso his singing and acting were the theme of universal admiration. All the papers speak loudly in his praise, and the *Daily Mail* soars into the loftiest regions of eulogy. Reichardt, too, came in for his share of the applause bestowed on the performance. Gennaro is the best part in which he has yet appeared. He looks the character

well, sings the music with much taste, and acts with genuine feeling. Mr. Wood has spared no expense in the general getting up of the opera, and the band and chorus are numerous and efficient. The operatic speculation cannot fail to be a prosperous one.

HARROW.—On Thursday week there was a performance of sacred music in the Harrow Speech Room. Messrs. Mann and Atkinson of the Norwich choir sang the tenor and bass songs. Mr. Atkinson, in Pergolesi's air "O Lord have mercy," was much praised; and Mr. Mann was encored in Mendelssohn's "If with all your hearts." The singing of the little choristers, who were brought forward through the kindness of Dr. Buck of Norwich, was excellent, and showed to what state a child's voice may be advanced by that judicious and careful treatment which has enabled Dr. Buck to render the Norwich choir so eminent. Mr. Staton, organist of the parish church, played a solo on the piano-forte, and his duet (Hummel's in A flat) with Mrs. Bennett was exceedingly well performed. At the close they received very warm applause. The choristers were supplied from the Sacred Harmonic Society.

BATTLE, SUSSEX.—February 1st, 1854.—The first meeting of the season of the Battle Subscription Concerts took place at the George Hotel, on Friday evening the 27th ultimo, under the direction of Mr. Albert Dawes. The vocalists were Mr. George Buckland and Miss Annie Buckland. The orchestra played the overtures to *Tuscredi*, *Impresario*, and *Guy Mannering*. Mr. Albert Dawes performed a solo on the violin, and a duet for piano and flute with Mr. Funnel. The above concerts bid fair to be successful, the list of subscribers containing many of the names of the principal families in the town.

BRISTOL.—On Thursday the 26th ult., the Bristol Madrigal Society held their annual Ladies' Night at the Victoria Rooms, and drew together a large concourse of people. The orchestra numbered 20 trebles, 12 altos, 26 tenors, and 26 basses, or thereabouts, the additions being from the choirs of Oxford, Windsor, and Exeter.—In the morning there were two musical services given at the cathedral, in which the boys and singers from distant choirs, brought here for the concert, took part. Some call these services the *Ante-Madrigal*. The choir, nave, and side aisles were full, and numbers were assembled in the triforium or gallery round the interior walls. Amongst the adults who took part in the service were Drs. Corfe, of Oxford, and Elvey of Windsor, Mr. Blyth, organist of Magdalen, Oxford, Mr. Amott, organist, of Gloucester, Mr. W. Done, organist, of Worcester, and Mr. Trimmell, organist, of Chesterfield, besides several of their choirs. The anthem was "O where shall wisdom be found?" (Boyce); the *Te Deum* and *Benedictus*, were Gibbons', in F.

TAUNTON.—Our last Subscription Concert brought us a new pianist, Mr. Macco, who played Hummel's rondo in A, with orchestral accompaniments, in a very artistic style. In the second part Mr. Macco performed a nocturne of his own. The concert was well attended. At the previous concert, Miss Dolby was engaged. She is a great favourite here; but the snow kept the people at home.

BATH.—People's Concerts.—The Concert on Monday evening week again filled the Guildhall. The gentleman amateur sang "Nina," and "Good bye, sweetheart." He received two encores. Miss Harriet Cox, who made her first appearance, has a voice of good quality, and manages it with skill. Mrs. Darby, Mr. Hellier, Mr. Young and the members of the chorus exerted themselves. The German Band played.

BILSTON.—On Wednesday, the 25th ult., Mr. Paget, of Atherton, gave an evening concert of vocal music in St. Mary's School-room, under the patronage of the vicar, the Rev. J. B. Owen. He was assisted by Mrs. Bull, of the Birmingham Town-hall Concerts, and Mrs. Paget, R.A.M. The programme provided was varied, and the performance good. Mrs. Bull was encored in Mercadante's cavatina, "Soave immagine," and Glover's duet, "We come to thee, Savoy," by the two ladies, received the same compliment. Mr. J. Hayward, of Wolverhampton, presided at the piano-forte with his usual ability. The audience was not so large as was expected, though Mr. Paget has on many occasions given his services for the benefit of various institutions here, and his singing is admired.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—A picture of Sebastopol, which shows the advantage of its situation, has been added by the proprietors of this gallery, to the panorama of the *Ocean Mail*. It is, at the present time, a very interesting subject, and is well treated by the artist. The sketch is taken from the north side of the bay, which gives a fine view of both the harbour and the city. There could not have been a more appropriate and opportune subject than a picture of Sebastopol, and we have no doubt it will prove attractive.

WORCESTER.—The concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Monday evening, the 23rd ult., at the Music Hall, which was filled in every part by a brilliant audience. The artistes were Miss Arabella Goddard, Madme. Amedei, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, and M. Sainton. The concert was one of the most interesting ever given in Worcester. Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton achieved the same success which has everywhere attended their recent performances in the provinces. The singers were also received with high favour. Madme. Amedei made a decided sensation. One of the novelties of the evening was an overture, composed by Mr. D'Egville, sen., called *Sabrina*, which was well played and loudly applauded. Mr. Land accompanied the vocal music on the piano.

HANLEY.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Mr. G. Simpson gave a concert on Monday at the Town Hall, which was filled in every part. The performers included the Beale party, now on a provincial tour. Madame Amedei justified the praises bestowed upon her by the London press. The aria "Ah, quel giorno" displayed her beautiful organ to great advantage, and the encore she received was well deserved. Miss Arabella Goddard more than realized the expectations of the "critics" here, while her unassuming manners and pretty face won the hearts of the audience. Her reception was most flattering. She played four times—a duet for piano and violin with M. Sainton, a fantasia by Wallace, Thalberg's "Moise," and the "Sultan's March" of Rossini, arranged by Benedict. She was encored no less than three times, when she substituted Heller's "On Song's bright Pinions," and Brinley Richards' "Rule Britannia." Mr. and Mrs. Weiss added to the attractions of the concert by their artistic singing of several favourite airs. The lady was encored in "Home, sweet Home," the gentleman in Mendelssohn's "I'm a Roamer," and in Schubert's *Lied* "In silent Woe." Mr. Land sang a ballad by Lover, and was also encored. Last not least, M. Sainton, besides the duet with Miss Goddard, introduced a brilliant *fantasia* of his own, ("The Standard Bearer") which was again encored. In fact, almost everything was encored, except a very pretty four-part song, "The Villagers' Evening Song" by Frank Mori, which deserved the compliment almost as much as anything. It was sung by Mrs. Weiss, Madme. Amedei, Mr. Land and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Land was the conductor at the pianoforte.

MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

THIS DAY.—Mr. Aguilar's Third and last Soirée, 68, Upper Norton Street. Eight o'clock.

MONDAY.—Harmonic Union, Exeter Hall—Acis and Galatea. Half-past Seven.

TUESDAY.—Lindsay Sloper's First Chamber Concert, 27, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square. Eight o'clock.

WEDNESDAY.—London Wednesday Concerts, Exeter Hall. Half-past Seven.

FRIDAY.—Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall—Elijah. Half-past Seven.

SATURDAY.—C. Salaman's First Pianoforte Soirée, 36, Baker-street. Half-past Eight.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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M. R. FRANK MORI begs to announce that he has, since the vacation, resumed giving instructions in singing.—27, Milton-street, Dorset-square.

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SAMUEL LEWIS'S GRAND SCIENTIFIC HALLELUJAH FOR FOUR VOICES. This much admired Work may now be had direct from the author, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte, for 3d Stamps. THE HAVEN, Haverfordwest. "A finely constructed anthem. The startling motto is admirably worked out."—*Era*, August 7th, 1853. N.B.—The author prepares the instrumental parts in MS. to suit the capabilities of the orchestra, at 2s. each part.

MRS. W. SINCLAIR, the PROFESSOR of SCOTCH SINGING, has resumed her Tuition for the Season, and is at her Class Rooms, 22b, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, every Tuesday and Friday. Mrs. S. was the instructress of Madame Clara Novello, Miss Catherine Hayes, and other eminent artistes, in the above fashionable branch of singing. 22b, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square.

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MUSICAL TIMES, published on the 1st and 15th of each month.—The number for February contains an article by Leigh Hunt, an account of Mozart's Requiem, brief chronicle of musical events of the last month, and three pages of music—"A little Song of Thankfulness," composed by John Parry. Price 1½d, or 2½d. stamped.—NOVELLO, London and New York.

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